THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

VOL. XV NOVEMBER, 1941 NO. 9

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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

"OUTWARDLY THE APOSTATE may give the impression that the Faith no longer holds charm and interest for him. Inwardly however, there is often a struggle taking place . . . Your prayer and mine may turn the tide of battle" . . . So reflects Father O'Toole in writing on this month's Mission Intention. Father is Superior of Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C.

"LORD, IF THOU hadst been here, my brother had not died." The words take on an added significance as Father Ehmann finds the Martha's of 1941—and the "new and terrible meaning" which the phrase has in this, our day!

AN APPENDIX IS ALWAYS an appendix, no matter what part of the world you may be in, but when it begins to cause trouble, the "technique of removal" may vary considerably. "Now, When I Had **My** Operation," says Lajawanti! But you will read the details yourself.

TRAVEL IN PATNA offers a variety in mode: Will you go by "tom-tom," "tondang," "rickshaw"—or risk your life in a bus? (There is a picture of the tom-tom—all rigged up for milady!)

SISTER ALMA JULIA continues her story of the "Village Tour," begun in the last issue, taking in the day from morning until 5 P.M.: Only one day—but a busy one!

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

Sister Superior

MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE

8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase
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The Harvest Is Great—the Laborers Are Few": Photograph of a drawing exhibited at the C.S. M.C. Convention in Rochester, N. Y. To the right, the harvesters, caught in the smoke of cannons and maelstrom of war, are laying aside their sickles for the steel helmets of soldiers; to the left rises the surge of a new army to take their places: workmen, nurses, schoolgirls, all ages and conditions, to prove that "Nanky Poo" of "The Far East" is right: "America's Hat's in the Ring!"

"America Will Not Fail"

by

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN

It was to be expected that the appalling conditions consequent upon warfare in Europe and the Far East would greatly hamper and curtail the work of the missions. But the actualities are beyond anticipations and worse. Many missionaries have been interned in concentration camps. Others have been impressed into various forms of military service. European countries, once the abundant apostolic font of missionaries, are helpless to send forth the laborers needed along the frontiers of Christianity. Their schools and seminaries have been closed. Their once generous mission benefactors are themselves in dire need.

In the mission fields unnumbered native Christians are victims of the warfare prevailing or affecting their countries. Terrifying are the reports of their poverty and misery. For a generation to come it may be that towns and villages in mission lands will be without priests. Old missionaries will die without having other priests to take up their burdens, to preserve the fruits of their long and difficult labors. Schools will remain closed. Strongholds of Satan will become stronger; promising missions will lose their shepherds and their support, and all because of war. Sad indeed is the picture and the prospect but consoling are the words of the Holy Father, "the triumph of evil here below can last only for a limited period and no longer."

In every tragic and crucial period of history Almighty God, with divine patience and infinite wisdom, has provided for the welfare of His Spouse, the Church. Does it not seem that in the rapid increase in the missionary spirit among the Catholics of America that the Almighty has prepared for the missionary needs of the hour? We are the hope of the missions and the only hope. We are the hope of thousands of priests, sisters and brothers missioned in distant countries, who were formerly supported by the Catholics of their native lands. We are the hope of the countless converts from paganism who are struggling for the opportunity to live in accordance with the Faith that has been brought to them by the apostles from Europe and

He who has no future, has no life; he exists, but does not live.—Dr. Orestes Brownson.

America. We are the hope especially of those unnumbered souls who have not been reached by the ambassadors of Christ. Above all and before all, we appear at the present moment to be the instruments of God to maintain the missionary work of His Church. This is a glorious responsibility, the purpose of which is not earthly power, earthly conquest or material gain, but the eternal salvation of immortal souls.

The whole-hearted support of every Catholic is needed for the fulfillment of this divine commission. All of us can pray for the missions and in doing so we are giving the most valuable aid. Most of us can give some material help for even though it be ever so small, it is important.

Many of our youths and maidens must give even more than material help. They are called by God to give themselves. A whole army of peace-makers, of zealous and self-sacrificing priests, sisters and brothers are needed. Europe supplied most of them in the past. It cannot do so now. Again, America is the hope of the missions. From the reports of increased enrollments in our apostolic schools, novitiates and seminaries, America will not fail.

No one need fear that zeal for the foreign missions will leave those at our own doors neglected. God is not surpassed in generosity. It is an axiom of Catholic faith that the more we do for the missinaries the more we do for those nearer home. To the lover of souls there is no distinction between home and foreign missions. All creatures are equal in the eyes of the Creator. Color does not matter, neither does race nor clime. One and all, are we called to be cooperators with Christ in extending the fruits of Redemption to all. We must pray, work and give.

In the material order the charity of America is doing much to alleviate the misery of the chaotic world in which we live. In the spiritual order we American Catholics can do infinitely more. We can save the missionary work of the Church that has taken years of sacrifice to build up. We can extend the frontiers of the Gospel of Christ, the Gospel of Peace, into lands near and far. We must not fail, for today we alone are free to give.

Grateful to God for the blessings we have received, we shoulder the extra burden of assisting those on the frontier lines of our own country and every country in the great warfare against the forces of ignorance and sin, for the spread of the Kingdom of God. Let not the power of the forces of evil disturb us. The missions, the life of the Church will go on. As His Holiness said: "We must not be scandalized when we see the power of the enemies of Christ and His Church. The triumph of evil here below can last only for a limited period and no longer. We suffer with Him Who by His death on Calvary won our redemption."

It is gratifying to address all those who by a special favor of the merciful God are in possession of the true Faith, and share in its innumerable benefits. They should first of all consider by what sacred obligations they are bound to lend their support to the missions among infidels. "For (God) gave to every one of them commandment concerning his neighbor." (Eccl. XVII, 12), which commandment is all the more urgent, as our neighbor is under a greater necessity. Who in fact stands in greater need of our brotherly assistance than the Gentile races which, in ignorance of God, are enslaved to blind and unbridled instincts, and live under the awful servitude of the evil one? Whoever therefore contributes, as far as in him lies, to enlighten them, chiefly by helping the missionaries, performs his duty in a work of the greatest moment, and acquits himself, in a manner most acceptable, of the debt of gratitude he owes to God for the grace of his own Faith.—Benedict XV.

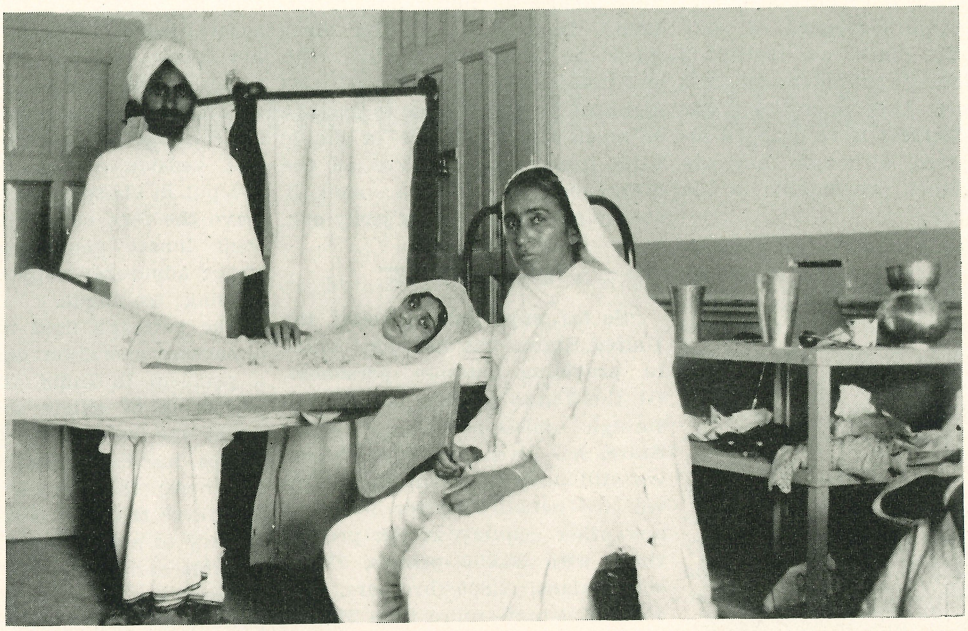
WHY THEY GO TO THE MISSIONS

The foundation of a missionary vocation is to be found in love of the Church. Christianity, centered in the Incarnation and Redemption, was not limited to the time of Christ's earthly life. It is extended to all men in all countries and in all times.

The Church is at the same time visible and invisible: Invisible in its spiritual reality, visible in the manifestations of this reality, in its rites, its sacraments and its social structure. As regards the invisible, it is co-extensive with humanity—all men are called to perfect themselves in it. But deprived of this manifestation, the Church is in an incomplete state, sorrowful and like a disembodied soul.

It is the missionary who will put an end to this exile and give to the invisible Church its visible complement. To make the Church (which is the normal way of salvation) known to all is the first end of a missionary vocation. But this universal spreading of the Church does not consist simply in the taking possession of a pagan land by a few pioneers. The Church is complete only when she has all her institutions with her, with her orders both active and contemplative. She is not truly installed in a land if there is a foreign hierarchy. A native clergy and episcopacy has always been considered the criterion of the maturity of the Church. The customs, institutions, thoughts of the people and their works of art must be penetrated with Christianity and must express it. The work of a missionary tends to purify and transfigure all civilizations.

It is to this idea, the realization of which may be far distant, that the missionary vows his life. A gift such as his requires very great renunciation; his people, his country, his race, his own feelings and way of thinking, all must be given up for the people of his election.—Abbe Duperray.



One woman is allowed to stay with her in the room . . .

"Now, When I Had My Operation"

by

Sister M. Elise Wijnen, S.C.M.M., M.D.

"No doubt the story would be essentially the same as those told over the bridge tables in Philadelphia—made up of a little fear, a little boasting, and a great deal of relief that 'it is all over.' But in its minor details, Lajawanti's adventure differs considerably from that of Mrs. Jones."

Operations are as much a topic of conversation in India as they are in America. Picture to yourself Lajawanti, sitting cross-legged on the mud floor of her home in a little village, kneading the dough for the "chapattis" (pancakes) and saying casually to the gaping women around her: "Now when I had my operation in the Holy Family Hospital . . ."

No doubt the story would be essentially the same as those told over the bridge tables in Philadelphia—made up of a little fear, a little boasting and a great deal of relief that "it is all over." But in its minor details Lajawanti's adventure differs considerably from that of Mrs. Jones. Adaptation to the country's needs and customs makes a major operation in India a very strange performance for a newcomer.

When Lajawanti comes to the hospital after weeks of hesitation and innumerable family councils (in which scores of male relatives have been asked for their consent), she brings with her several other women—sisters, cousins and mother-in-law. One woman is allowed to stay with her in the room, while the rest set up light-housekeeping on the veranda and in the garden. There they cook the curry and rice on their little portable charcoal stoves, shout at the children playing around, or squat on the ground contentedly chatting among themselves and chewing betel nut. Every time a nurse or doctor enters the room they come trooping in also, although they are promptly shooed out again. Then they peek through the windows, hanging on to each other's shoulders, and make remarks, "sotto voce," on all the strange procedures going on inside!

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is a link in a chain of divine dispensations for spreading the Gospel, of which the initial link was forged when the first disciples of Christ went into the whole world and announced the glad tidings of salvation, sealing their message with their blood. —Cardinal Dougherty.

Preparations for a major abdominal operation involve a thorough scrubbing of the skin—in fact, sometimes two or three scrubbings! Most Indians take a bath every day, but rather in a lick-and-a-promise fashion, under

the cold-water tap in the public square or in the courtyard, and with supreme disregard of soap and brush. Since we instituted our scrubbing procedure on the day before the operation, our wound infections have dropped almost to zero, although they are not altogether preventable in the hot weather.

The preoperative hypo is usually given by the night sister an hour or so before the operation. There was a time when these actions alone would have been enough to make the patient leave the hospital in fear and disgust. Years of explaining and reassurance have overcome these prejudices almost entirely so that now we rarely have any trouble in this respect. We also insist on plenty of fluids and carbohydrates on the day before an elective operation. (Apparently this advice is not hard to follow! Indian women love sweets of all kinds and descriptions, especially those made from boiled-down milk and heavy brown sugar—a little flat to our taste, but excellent for medicinal purposes!)

Finally Lajawanti is put on the stretcher and rolled into the operating room. She is pleasantly drowsy and relaxed due to the morphine injection she has had. One of the nurses straps her to the table and holds her hands while the sister-anesthetist proceeds to "put her under" with choloroform.

That sounds like medical heresy to American ears, doesn't it? Actually when choloroform is given only for the induction of anesthesia and not for the duration of the operation, it is quite harmless and has many advantages. It is easier to give and cheaper than gas, and produces a quick, smooth and peaceful sleep in practically every case. Almost all the hospitals in India use choloroform routinely in this fashion and find it quite satisfactory.

The anesthesia is completed with ether, by the "open-drop" method. This gives a good relaxation of the muscles and is fairly easy to maintain, except in the hot weather, when the other evaporates so rapidly that the anesthetist gets almost as much as the patient! In this event, the ether mask is wrapped around with wet towels which are covered with a rubber sheet in order to exclude as much air as possible—a simple little trick, but it makes all the difference between a smooth, steady anesthesia and a jerky one.

"So far, says Father Keller, the United States has not done much in providing mission personnel. Of the 18,128 priests now in the foreign missions, the United States has given only 678. Though we still have needs at home, yet we are actually better off than any other country at the present time, with 36,000 priests, 17,500 seminarians, 7,800 brothers, and 152,000 sisters—more than 212,000 altogether."—Rev. James G. Keller, M.M., Denver Register.

The future seems dark to human eyes, but the missions are God's work and we are but instruments in that work which we must view through His eyes. Away then with defeatism! Let us arouse ourselves with new hopes, a new zeal, a new enterprise for the sake of Christ. We are today His chosen cooperators in the plan of Redemption. We must all be missionaries, helping with our prayers, our alms and our personal service in the fulfillment of the divine mandate which He gave to His Church: "Go teach all nations." —Cardinal Dougherty.

The actual technique of the operation is undoubtedly American to the core, but that does not come within the range of Lajawanti and her relatives. They are more interested in the matter than in the manner, and despite their total ignorance of anatomy, they always demand to see the organs which have been removed. Solemnly they will stare at the cyst or tumor in its little basin, quite satisfied that the operation was "sucessful." They are allowed one quick look at Lajawanti and then they are kept out of the room for several hours, while a nurse takes her place at the bedside and watches the patient during the reaction from the anesthetic. Our little Indian students make excellent bedside nurses. When they are put in charge their eyes never leave the face of the patient, and their innate gentleness and patience admirably supplement their nursing technique.

The patient's fluid intake after a serious operation can be quite a problem in India. Intravenous injections of saline and glucose, as is the routine in the United States, are expensive and dangerous here; they cause more chill and fever than blood transfusions. We try to avoid them as much as possible and make out with a retention enema, given while the patient is still unconscious, and injections under the skin for the first two or three days. Whenever we fear serious and protracted vomiting, we end the operation by putting a rubber tube through the nose down to the stomach and attach a Wangensteen suction apparatus. This keeps the upper abdominal tract empty and prevents vomiting as well as gas pains. In twenty-four or forty-eight hours this can often be converted into a means of feeding directly into the duodenum, and insures adequate intake without tiring or annoying the patient.

In a couple of days, if no complications like amebic dysentery or malaria interfere, Lajawanti will be "out of the woods" and fairly comfortable. All that is needed then is to make certain that the relatives give her enough water and food, and do not wake her up every few minutes to make sure she is not "behosh" (unconscious).

We have learned by the experience of our veterans not to be in a hurry to take the sutures out or to get the patient out of bed. Two or three weeks' rest will do Lajawanti a lot of good. It will probably be the only vacation she will have for a long time—and besides, won't it give her something to talk about for the rest of her life?

Speaking of Patna

by

Sister M. Leonie Tummers, S.C.M.M., M.D.

As you know, we live in the old cathedral, Patna City. This is in the old part of Patna, a section also known as Padri-Ki-Haveli, which means "Garden of the Fathers." Here is the description of it in a book called, "Rambles in Bihar," by Ramgopal Lingh Chowdhari, B.J.: "Padri-Ki-Haveli—this is the oldest cemetery of the Roman Catholics at Patna, built by the Dutch in 1772-1779."

Now, isn't that an ideal place for a Hollander to practice the profession of healing?

Patna itself is a "ribbon-city"—only a few blocks wide, but stretching out to a length of eight or nine miles! On one side is the river Ganges; on the other, swamps. Endless rows of shops, some tiny, some large, face on the one main highway. All of them are on the same pattern: A square room with shelves along three sides, except for the opening left for the back door. The fourth side of the room is the "front;" it is left wide open during the day, and at night it is **boarded** shut.

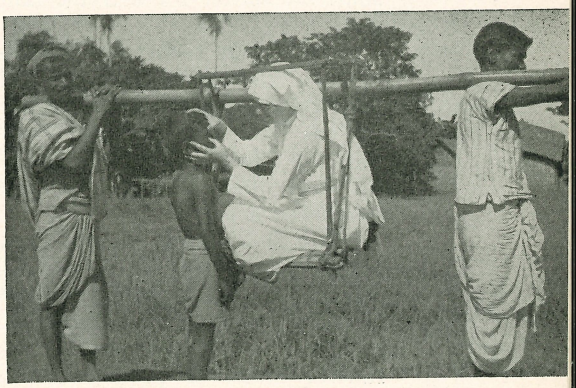
The living quarters are on the other side of the back door! Usually they consist of another room, much on the same order of the shop, though when the people can afford to be a little bit expansive, there is a second story and a flat roof (there are some slanting, tiled roofs, too).

"Main Street" in Patna is not any wider than Pine Road in Fox Chase, but the activity that goes on in that narrow space is amazing!

Every five minutes a bus goes down the street at break-neck pace—at least, considering the vintage of the bus, and the plenitude of obstacles, the speed is terrific! It is the kind of a vehicle that involuntarily leads you to make an act of contrition upon the mere beholding! But if, in spite of appearance, you persist in getting aboard, you have only to wave as the bus approaches, and it will stop regardless of whether you are at the regular stop or not!

The other day a bus waited fully five minutes for us while we finished up a bit of shopping: the driver had caught a glimpse of us in one of the shops. It was dusk, and he decided it was time for us to begin thinking of turning home—so he waited!

Another mode of transportation is the "tom-tom," which is best described as a table on wheels, drawn by a horse. The passengers sit on the table and let their legs swing freely—and many are the unwary pedestrians who are caught full in the ribs by these swinging heels! The motto here is: If you hear the clatter of



Above: "The 'tondang' is a sort of litter carried by coolies . . ." Sister M. Laetitia is the passenger.

Below: The "tom-tom," all arranged with its little tent to accommodate milady in seclusion!

hoofs, jump! Many of the passengers squat, Buddha-fashion. For the ladies, there is a special tent-like affair of cloth erected on the table, under which they sit, demure and unseen.

The "tondang" is a sort of litter, carried by coolies. The "rickshaws" are in evidence, too, and a modern touch has been added by having a bicycle for power; where formerly the man ran, now he pedals!

And then there is an occasional car—but how I should hate to be obliged to drive in this street! Besides the traffic and the pedestrians (who at least show some response when a horn toots), there are cows, goats, and dogs—and these in abundance! Quite sufficient matter for a traffic tangle!

There is one redeeming feature—there are no crossroads! At least there are none for miles, until one reaches Banhipur (new Patna), where the city proceeds to widen like a snake that has swallowed a pig!

There is a Hindu burning-ghat (place for the burning of the deceased) on the Ganges very near us, and every now and then a funeral procession will go by. The funeral music is peculiar—it is definitely not minor, but more or less cheerful.

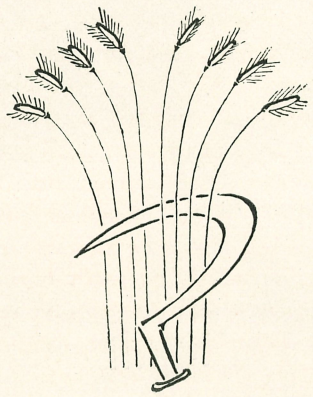
Other sights to be seen from our doorstep are the bullock-carts, elephants, and occasional camels—these mostly early in the morning before the "heavy" traffic of the day begins. And when that begins—work begins. Our days are full—for there is much work for the Medical Missionary in Patna!

Our operating room is a temporary affair, and as yet we have no screening. Consequently, when an operation is scheduled, our chaplain comes to offer Mass at 5 a.m., and we begin work immediately after breakfast, 1) to "beat" the dispensary rush and 2) to "beat" the heat: We must work with the doors and windows closed to keep out the flies, mosquitoes, etc.

The dispensary work is interesting. I have not yet met leprosy, but tuberculosis I come up against constantly. One morning I had a regular epidemic of T. B. cases; the slides showed up the bacilli as I had never seen them at home!

The measure of our cooperation is a proof of the vitality of our Faith and also the encouragement and consolation to missionaries throughout the world, who depend almost totally, in these trying days, upon the generosity of us American Catholics. — Cardinal Dougherty.

These three, then—prayer, missionaries, funds—are essential to the propagation of the Faith by means of medical missionary work. The first all can contribute; the second is a choice grace God offers to many; the third must be fulfilled by everyone within the limits of his means.—Medicine in the Service of the Missions.



After the patients leave us, they go home—and home is a low hut or house, at best, without windows, without arrangements for waste disposal except for the open sewer in front of the house and right in the street—and so tuberculosis spreads!

* * *

There is one family in which the father has a jewelry shop (jewelry here is mostly colored glass and silvered brass!), and the children are regular dispensary customers. They will always bring a handful of blossoms to the sisters. One youngster, Sam Babu, had a bad tooth and I pulled it. He got some nice, colored mouthwash—which he did **not** like! The next day he peeped into the dispensary, saw me, and away he ran to the hospital to offer his usual flowers to Sister Laetitia! I have seen him two or three times since, and our friendship has been resumed—once more I get flowers and a solemn "salaam."

Perhaps you would be interested in the men's clothing. They begin with a man's shirt, as colorful as can be obtained, and put this on over their "doti," a white cloth about a yard wide and two yards long, which is wound around the waist and legs in such a way as to give the appearance of a pair of baggy trousers.

The Mohammedans wear a fez on their heads; the Hindus here, often nothing at all. Their hair (the Hindus') is closely clipped with one tuft left near the crown. In this province the Bihari Congress cap is worn a great deal. It is best described as a French soldier's cap in white cloth or lace. In the north Punjab, the men wear turbans. They wind it around a little cap and leave one end to stick up in fan-like fashion—the typical Punjab 'pugri'."

For the Conversion of Apostates

ORATE FRATRES

by
The Reverend
Christopher O'Toole
Congregation
of
Holy Cross

At the height of the Passion, when the body of Christ was racked with pain and His heart broken with sorrow, there fell from His lips these tender words: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Christ has been rejected by His own people, His love has been spurned, His mission misunderstood, and yet there is no bitterness in His heart. Christ's parting word is a word of gentle forgiveness.

Today, as of old, Christ is rejected and despised by many people. There are those who have been signed with the seal of Baptism, who have tasted the consolations of Christ's pardon, who have been nourished by the Bread of Angels, and who in spite of all this have repudiated the same Christ Who has loaded them with gifts. These are the apostates—those who have experienced the tenderness of Christ's love and who have despised it. Some have done this through neglect or carelessness, some through passion, few, let us hope, in utter deliberation. Others, faced with suffering and persecution, have fallen by the way-side or have joined the ranks of those leagued against Christ. Holy Mother Church, inspired by the forgiving spirit of Christ, harbors no bitterness in Her heart toward these wandering children, but invites them back into the fold.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for seafarers and sea-chaplains, and for the conversion of apostates.

She does not threaten them with wrath but pleads with them in the accents of the Prophet to return to the Christ whom they have forgotten. "My people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I grieved thee? Answer me. Why have you abandoned me? Is it because I have died for thee? Is it because I have given you myself in the Eucharist? Is it because I have poured out upon you all the riches of my Sacred Heart? In return for my goodness you have opened my side with a spear, you have beaten me with blows and scourges, and you have given to my head a crown of thorns. You have despised and rejected me in rejecting the Faith."

Outwardly the apostate may give the impression that the Faith no longer holds charm and interest for him. Inwardly, however, there is often a struggle taking place—the gentle urge of Christ against a rebellious will or a mind clouded by passion. Your prayer and mine may turn the tide of battle in favor of Christ. Here is a genuine work of zeal. Here is an apostolate within the reach of every Catholic. Here is a spiritual alms that all Catholics can offer to those who have lost their precious birthright—the Faith.

When you assist at Mass, then, or recite the Rosary, when you pass the Church or pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, think of those other members of Christ's Mystical Body who no longer enjoy the treasures which you possess. The light of Faith has gone out in them. Christ is no longer their way and their truth. Their life is lonely because it is lived without Christ. You have it within your power to rejoice the heart of Christ and to enkindle again within the soul of apostates the fire of Faith. "Hitherto you have not asked," says Christ. "Ask and you shall receive." Your request will be that all those who have despised and rejected Christ will quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger.

Peter and the Village Tour

by

Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., M.T., Ph.D.

(Continued from October)

Peter

This was Friday morning. Peter's room was now a chapel. I answered Father's Mass and rang the Sanctus bell. But the buffalo (one of them) outside the chapel had a bell around her neck which rang louder than the one I was using. One of the chickens hopped in and started picking up grain and crumbs off the sanctuary floor. And yet, withal, it was very peaceful—Holy Mass in a Mohammedan village where no one but Peter was a Catholic! (Many times in our visits to these little villages or houses I have said a few ejaculations and then said to myself: "Perhaps this is the first time a Christian prayer has ever been said in this place." Imagine the thrill, then, of bringing Christ for the first time to a non-Christian spot!)

After Mass, Peter put our table out in the court-yard and served us tea and toast, with buffalo milk and buffalo butter and also hard-boiled eggs. The buffalos went on eating their own breakfast, eyeing us curiously from their corner (where fortunately they were fastened with a rope!). Two little girls stood in the doorway of the opposite room but were shy about coming near us this first day. One boy was cleaning the stable—the room next to Peter's—and a smaller boy, about ten, was chopping fresh grass for the baby buffalo. In a corner opposite an old woman was cleaning the kitchen utensils.

After breakfast we saw about twenty patients; a few who had seen us the day before came back to tell us they were not better yet, but others were new—some even from a different village. News travels swiftly! When all the ailments had been prescribed for, we hurried on to the next village—just a nice walk in the pleasant morning. The headman greeted us, and then led Sister and me back to the women's quarters to see his wife and children and all the others of the village who were ill.

This headman was about the most modern and broadminded of any we met. His wife was a lovely person. She spoke beautiful Urdu, and translated for us from the dialects of the villagers. To our surprise, the garden in the secluded purdah section was more spacious and quite as beautiful as the one in front. Here we saw about fifteen or sixteen patients, the headman himself coming in and out and carrying out our wishes, getting a bottle for this one or that one for whom we wished to pour out medicine, bringing us water to mix them, listening to our instructions and directions about this anemic child or that woman with tuberculosis.

It did not take us very long here. We rejoined the priest and Peter in front, and with many thanks and "salaams" from the headman (who exacted the promise to come back that evening for tea) we walked on to the next village, a mile or two away. We got there about 11:30 and stayed until 1 p.m., seeing about thirty-eight sick people in all. The types of really ill patients seemed to be about the same everywhere—a few T.B. cases, and many sufferers from malaria, one or two oriental sores in each place, an abundance of anemia and so on.

From there we took a tonga, as the next place was perhaps three to five miles distant, and we

Since the dawn of the present century, missionaries from all parts of Europe have gone forth in ever increasing numbers to the outposts of Christianity. Warfare has now prevented the departure of missionaries, has stopped the flow of material support of their apostolate and put many stumbling blocks in the path of these heroic messengers of the Gospel. In this critical hour, Almighty God calls on the Catholics of America to save this sublime work of extending His Gospel throughout the world. We have not failed and we will not fail.—Cardinal Dougherty.

wanted to have lunch before getting there. Sister and I didn't know what the arrangements were; Peter and Father (mostly Peter) provided for everything. The tonga brought us nearer the mountains and let us out by the side of a river. The place, they said, was called "the Fishery," as there were so many fish in that river.

There we unpacked our tiffen box and ate our sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, with coffee made by Peter. I had wondered how the coffee was going to be produced! Behold, when we arrived we found an old woman boiling some clothes over a glowing fire made from scraps of twig and wood. There was an exchange of words, the woman took her basin of clothes off the fire, and Peter put his aluminum dish for the coffee on it.

"How obliging!" said I to myself.

"Do you know what Peter paid to get the fire?" Father asked.

"Oh, did he pay for it?"

"He gave her two pieces of the bread we have for our sandwiches."

Frontier barter!

We looked in the river where we could see the big fish lazing in the sun.

"Why not catch a fish and fry it for our lunch?" we laughingly suggested.

Father told us that Peter had just explained to him that it was not the government which prohibited fishing here. Once there was a "Holy Man" who lived at this spot and he forbade the people to fish in the river. He died, but to this day no one would dream of disobeying his order—therefore the "fishes' paradise."

When Peter had given us our coffee he made tea for himself and the two lads who were carrying our boxes from the village for us. They ate by themselves.

After packing up again we started off to our destination, a village perched on the side of a mountain across the river. It was now three

Before a nurse is engaged in most parts of the Orient, an astrologer is consulted to determine whether the patient will live with a nurse's care or is due to die anyway—so why spend money!—R.N., Sept.-'41

o'clock and we were still about an hour from the village. We had to cross some fields, jumping over countless little irrigation ditches, then over the bed of a large river, which at this time of the year was rather a series of small rivers or streamlets with rocky ground in between. Many of the little streams we could cross easily by "stepping stones," but in several places it was too deep. Father and the men took off their shoes, but when we were informed that the stones were sharp and would hurt our feet, we waded through, shoes and all. I had brought an old pair of sandals for just such an event.

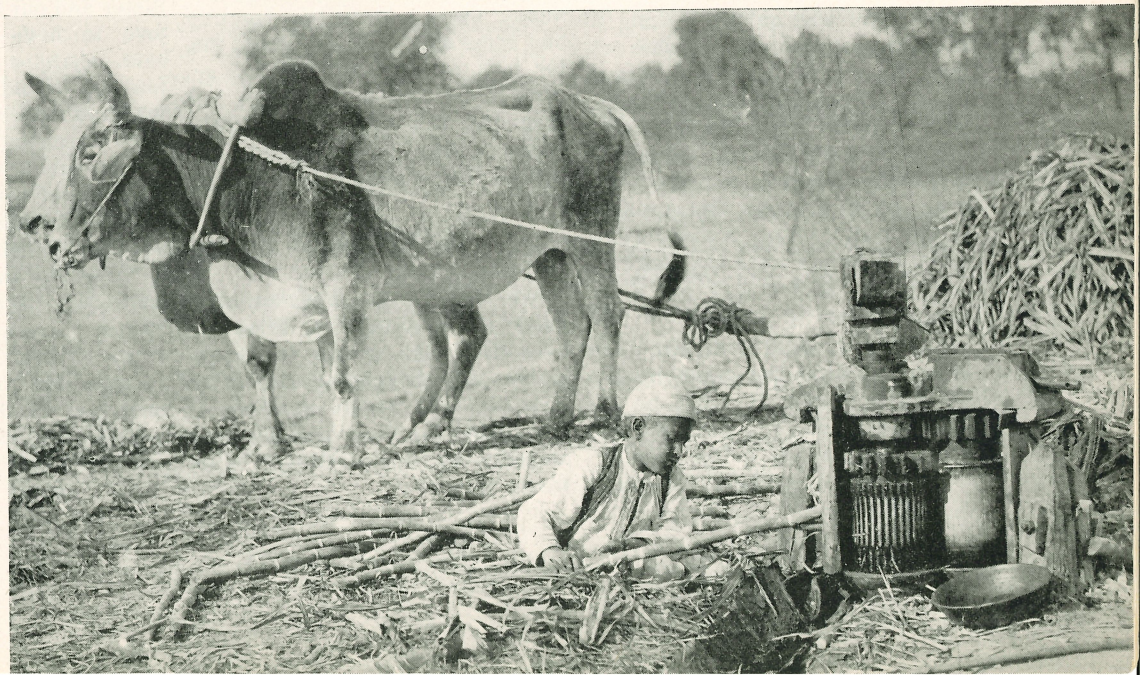
Poor Peter was almost in tears.

"Oh, Sisters-ji, your shoes are all wet! I am sorry you are put to such trouble. I should have brought old sandals for the river. Oh, Sisters-ji! This is terrible!"

We couldn't convince Peter that this was the most fun we had had for ages! For lack of vocabulary, I scarcely tried. The most I could say was: "Why Peter, this is all right. These were old shoes anyway. We are enjoying this."

Luckily we brought our umbrellas along. When it wasn't sprinkling we used them as walking sticks and as balancing aids on the excursions over the stones. At last the river bed had been traversed; then over another field where men were cutting down sugar cane and pressing out the juice, then up the side of the mountain, zig-zag, till we reached a clearing, and we had arrived. A sort of courtyard, right in front of the village, over-looked the valley we had just left.

The headman and some other men came to meet us and led us to some chairs. Father took the lone deck chair (we would have been lost in it), and we sisters took an arm-chair each. As the backs of the chairs were against the headman's house we faced as beautiful a scene as one could imagine —at least for these parts. In the distance we saw snow-capped mountains; nearer were lower mountains without snow. Another village lay at an equal height on a mountain side just opposite us and within a few hundred yards. Below in the valley was the river with the green fields of wheat and grass and leeks and sugar cane, all in squares. There was the buf-



"There was the buffalo going round and round . . ."

falo going round and round while the men were collecting the cane juice in earthen pots and carrying them to the cauldron where the "gur" (a kind of molasses) was being boiled.

It didn't seem possible that we had walked so far across the valley. The air was glorious on the mountain platform — everything seemed quiet and peaceful. For a while no one spoke. Then a servant brought in a huge tray covered with a colored silk cloth and placed it on a table. Again all was quiet and no one moved.

"What is the procedure now," I asked. "Are we supposed to uncover the tray?"

"I think so," Father said, and so I got up and lifted off the silk covering. There were dishes of apples and oranges and other fruit. I offered Father and Sister their choice of refreshment, took a tangerine myself (I was thirsty), and sat down and ate it.

After a while another tray was brought in with a complete tea set. The headman himself got up and poured the tea, after carefully stirring up the tea leaves according to Indian custom. Serving tea in India is quite a ritual. For one thing, your host (or hostess) never asks if you take milk or sugar—they are just mixed in according to rubrics and given to you. Fortunately I like both, even buffalo milk, so the tea suited me beautifully.

I still saw no sign of woman or child—just men, a bit silent and suspicious, though most courteous. Now Peter was quietly talking to the headman. No matter what village we went into Peter seemed known and respected, even though he had turned Christian. Here they may not have minded Peter, but they were still uncertain about the company he brought. But gradually the matter of our presence came up. Well, where were the sick?

"All are well," said the headman.

"Ah," I thought to myself, "this is a relief after the other villages we have visited. It must be the higher altitude—the good air and sunshine—perhaps better food."

But then one man mentioned something about two children who had fever. Perhaps he was the father of the children. Would we have a look at them? We would. Our boy lifted up our medicine case and we followed our guide along the side of the cliff and back about a dozen houses distant.

We entered a nice room, somewhat similar to Peter's, but with less furnishings. There were two small children, about four or five years of age, lying huddled up and very feverish. The man really gave us the diagnosis himself. They had the three-day variety of malaria—two days without fever and then a day of fever.

The headman and most of the others had followed. Gradually the others began to talk. Many more had this fever. Yes, some had heard of quinine, but was quinine really good for malaria?

Sister Margaret then gave quite a lecture about quinine and malaria. As she went on talking in Urdu and Punjabi, and getting her point across to them, you could gradually see the ice melting. We left some medicine for the children and gave directions. Then we started back to the courtyard in front. On the way we met another man who stopped us and asked us to look at his child's teeth. The only thing wrong was that the upper teeth were coming out and the loose baby teeth were still in the way. With her fingers, Sister Margaret pulled a baby tooth out and explained the difficulty.

The headman was getting more human every minute. His daughter had some skin disease—would Sister look at her? At last we got back to the women's quarters, and then the fun began! Practically everyone was ill. Such tremendous spleens from quartan malaria, such anemia, so much tuberculosis. There were bad eyes, smallpox—everything imaginable, but especially this dreadful malaria! We could have spent hours and hours in that village alone. The men and women now dragged us from patient to patient. They almost mobbed us in the narrow lanes, holding up sick babies and asking for medicine for this one and that one, trying to coax us to see another wife or daughter in a more distant house. It was long past our five o'clock tea appointment in the other village, and we still had that hour's walk over the river bed and fields. And we had to start back before dark. At last we managed to tear ourselves away, and rejoin each other on that peaceful platform before the village—no longer so peaceful, as it was now crowded with people.

"Father," I said, "this place is awful—so much malaria, so much T.B."

I didn't notice until then that the headman had followed and was looking at my face as I spoke. I don't think he understood any English, but he at least guessed something of what I said—perhaps from my dismayed expression.

"There is a lot of sickness here, isn't there?" he said, to me in Hindustani. He really seemed more or less converted to us now, and accompanied us to the bottom of the hill, walking and talking with Peter all the time. Or rather, Peter seemed to be doing most of the talking. I was further ahead with Sister and our bearers, but I would love to have known what they said. Perhaps Peter was telling him we would come again when we had more time, and bring more medicine. I don't know.

And yet, I wonder. There was one woman back there who needed an operation badly. Sister told the headman she should be allowed to come to the hospital, but he answered, "We never allow our women to leave the village." But other Afghan and Mohammedan villages are beginning to bring their sick to the hospital when it is necessary; maybe this will happen here too.

(to be concluded)

"He was strong yet tender, magnetic yet undissipated, brimming over with high spirits yet deeply serious and thoughtful; rich in his own soul and wholly generous to God and man—a perfect missioner."—T. Gavin Duffy, "Fantastic Uncle."

The Mission Clipper

CHOLERA IN BENGAL

Right now we are in the midst of a cholera epidemic. The Hindu villages surrounding our Christians are pretty badly affected. In one village fifteen minutes' ride from here on the bike, there have been more than fifty deaths in the last two weeks. Cholera takes them fast. Thus far we have had only five deaths among our people —number five was buried this morning.

Incidentally, funerals around here give one the shivers until you get used to them. It is our rule that people are not to be buried until late in the afternoon if they die in the morning, and not until the next morning if they died much after noon. In epidemic times there may have to be changes in the rule. But there is no delay in burying the dead at any time. The body is brought to the church on a litter carried by four men; women rarely, if ever, come to the funerals—only the menfolk.

There is no coffin—just a cloth over the corpse, and the corpse lies on a straw matting. After a brief service the body is lowered into the ground by means of the straw matting, and the dirt is thrown in. In the cemetery, which is right next to the church, there is a high mound of earth raised several feet above the rest of the plot. This mound is used for burial in the flood season.—Rev. Francis Burton, C.S.C., from "The Saginaw Catholic."

* * *

NUN-DOCTOR IN CHINA

Lumen Service reports that Sister Hilda Mayer, M.D., of the Immaculate Conception Order, has arrived in Tientsin, China, from the motherhouse of her Congregation at St. Bonaventure, New York. Sister Hilda is the first Sister-physician of her community to come to China.

A graduate of St. Bonaventure's College, Sister Hilda studied medicine at George Washington University, Washington, from 1934 to 1938 and after her graduation there spent a year as intern at Bon Secour Hospital, Baltimore, taking the State Board Examination in December, 1939. She then served as resident physician in St. James Hospital, Jersey City, where she also specialized in dentistry, and later practiced in Providence Hospital, Washington.

Sister Hilda is stationed at Mater Misericordiae Convent in Tientsin for the present, but will transfer later to her community's house in Peking to study Chinese. —N.C.W.C.

It is a modern failing to vivisect every Cause with the scalpel of statistics. And yet the missionary spirit is something quite independent of results. A common (and utterly false) argument is this: "If you, Father X, are reaching fewer souls in your missionary life than you would reach in a home parish, you are wasting your priesthood." To which I see but one reply—that a foot-rule will not reveal the height of Calvary, nor the sun and moon mark the measure of God's Grace.—T. Gavin Duffy.

ONE DOWN!

One foe is downed by the Rockefeller Foundation campaign in Brazil. The fight against the spread of the malaria-carrying mosquito (anophelis gambiae) has been successful. A few years ago this kind of mosquito was spreading at a rate that threatened to endanger the whole continent with endemic malaria of a particularly virulent type.

During the last half of 1940 all known centers of infestation were cleared up. No evidence of this mosquito was found anywhere in Brazil during the last month of 1940. It is expected that the coming rainy season may uncover new centers of infection which will have to be cleared up, but total eradication of the pest from this side of the Atlantic appears assured, thanks to the Rockefeller Foundation efforts. — "The Daily Tribune."

STATUS OF WOMEN

It will be hard to bring the Glad Tidings to the women who suffer from an "inferiority complex." For centuries the women have been considered as despicable beings who have no rights whatsoever. They are practically sold as any other merchandise; indeed they are exchanged for a certain number of cows without their having a word to say about the transaction. Such bargaining is euphemistically called "paying the dowry." When the promised dowry is not paid as stipulated in the verbal contract, the girl's parents reclaim their daughter and "wed" her to another man. Such customs will prove a serious difficulty in the conversion of girls, as long as their parents are pagans.—Rev. Charles Lebel, W.F., Binduri Mission, Africa.

* * *

FLYING DOCTOR

In her recent broadcast heard in Australia, Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of President Roosevelt, made a graceful reference to the Flying Doctor Services of Australia as follows: "Many of your problems are familiar to the people of this country. Your Flying Doctors, going to outlying parts with medical services, have created a great interest here, where we have wide open spaces, and where people often find medical services very hard to obtain."

The New South Wales Flying Doctor Service, in common with all the sections of the Australian Aerial Medical Services, has been built up and is maintained on service, goodwill and cooperation.

The combination of the services rendered by the Flying Doctor and the local hospitals gives the people of the Outback a complete and unique medical service . . .

—"The Flying Doctor."

"Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." (John 11, 12)

Thou Art The Physician

by

Rev. Benedict Ehmann

These were Martha's words to Jesus, when He had arrived after the death of her brother Lazarus. Jesus had been sent for during Lazarus' sickness in words of tender urgency: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick". But Jesus had not hurried. He stayed two days longer before He said: "Lazarus our friend sleepeth; but I go that I may wake him out of sleep." When the disciples thought Jesus was speaking of the sleep that means the turning-point back to health, He answered plainly: "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad, for your sakes, that I was not there, that you may believe: but let us go to him."

The miracle of Lazarus' recall from death is one of the most convincing examples in the Gospels of the divine plan of Jesus' life. For Him the future was not unknown or uncertain. His life moved toward a clear goal by foreordained steps. The incident at the grave of Lazarus was the predestined final chapter before the climax: the open grave of Lazarus was to be the herald of another open grave, out of which the Life of the world would rise, Victor over death.

But God's plan must often be paid for with human grief—not that God is aloof to our human lot: but we are too small to see His full scope. For Martha and Mary, when Jesus arrived, there was deep desolation. God's glory and power were imminent, but the dark hour was still upon them.

"Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." A strange act of faith, which sounds at the same time like a reproach! Strange mercy of God which allows the overcharged heart to contend with Him!

Holy Mother Church mourns, with Martha's words, at the funeral Mass of her departed children. She takes to herself the grief of the bereaved, and says to the Lord in their name, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." And the Lord answers her, "Thy brother shall rise again".

Since, therefore, none are to be considered so poor and naked, none so infirm or hungry or thirsty as those who are deprived of the knowledge and grace of God, there is no one who does not see that mercy and a divine reward shall not be wanting to him who has shown mercy to the most needy of his fellows.—Pius XI (Rerum Ecclesiae).

With God, a thousand years are as a day that moves quickly to evening, and what does it matter whether resurrection comes within four days (as it did to Lazarus, though it was not his final resurrection) or after four thousand years and more?

The Lord is the Lord of the living, not of the dead. Those who are dead to us are alive in Him; and at the end of time, their undying souls will be joined to their resurrected bodies, in that final Easter when Christ's Resurrection will fulfil itself a thousand million times in the innumerable multitude of His members. For Jesus is their "Resurrection and Life."

For this glorious Resurrection, each Christian must pass with Christ through the Calvary of death. The bereaved may be permitted the comfort of tears to ease the human smart. But it is unchristian to sorrow "as those who have no hope." God's consolations are apprehended by faith, and not by the clamorous cries of unrestrained grief. Only the faithful heart merits Christ's assurance, "Thy brother shall rise again."

So let the Marthas of the world contend with the Lord over the loss of their loved ones. They are the best patrons of the souls in Purgatory, and through the labor of their grief and faith they will bring the poor souls far sooner to the glory of Heaven.

But there is another thought I have on our Martha-text, and it is suggested by our artist's drawing. There you see a tenement background, and a haggard Martha of today with her apron and broom, still serving faithfully. And as your imagination pictures the real

horror of tenement life, with its broken bodies and souls, the image of Christ mangled out of recognition, the members of Christ stifled and strangled, you begin to hear the Martha voice, across the centuries,

"Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." And the old protest takes on a new and terrible meaning. If Christ had been there, in the person of the property-holders and of the magistrates and of the civic leaders, our brothers in Christ would not have died (even physically: think of the T.B. mortality, of the pernicious anemia which comes from undernourishment; and spiritually: the squalor, the violence, the hopelessness, the drabness—the breeding ground of mortal sin).

"Lord, if Thou hadst been here . . .",—we would have had no "Song of the Shirt," no "Cry of the Children," no "Bleak House," no "Grapes of Wrath," no "Native Son." But in the fifteenth century men left the Church; and after that, they left Christ; and then they left God. And now they have only themselves; and man, left to himself, is terrible and cruel. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here . . ."

Well, Christian heroes of our time are seeing to it that the Lord will be there, so that their brothers will not die. You have the **Catholic Workers** all over the country, in factory slums, along the railroad tracks, in the Bowery, along the waterfront, bringing Christ to the poorest of the poor to reclaim them from worse than death. You have **Friendship House** in Harlem, and similar shelters elsewhere, to bring to our negro brothers the Gospel that, in Christ, there is neither white nor black, but all are one Body. You have **medical missionaries** with Christ's healing for the enslaved women of Mother India.

Those of us who cannot go on these missions of mercy can at least labor at home with Martha's prayer. We can think of the hundreds of places yet unvisited by Christ in His angels of mercy—festering slums, maybe, in our own city, flophouses, waterfronts, blighted areas, whole countrysides without a priest (all of North Carolina with, I think, less than a hundred, the far-flung mission frontier—and then pray, "Lord, if Thou wert there, our brothers would not die. Go there, in Thy priests, in Thy apostolic men and women, and save them. Give courage to holy hearts, and show them the fields white for the harvest."

Then will our brothers rise again from the death that is worse than death—a resurrection to the kingdom of heaven on earth. "Thy kingdom come on earth, as it is in Heaven!"

Their loss is gain who all forsake
To find Thy love, O Jesus mine!
For Thee my ointment jar I break,
The perfume of my life is Thine.

—The Little Flower

SISTER MARY ST. LUKE

A Society that is young, as ours is, can look back on its early struggles; there is a special stirring in the remembrance of the friends of that time of beginning.

Sister Mary St. Luke, a Sister of St. Joseph, Lackawanna, N.Y., was one of those friends. Last month she died.

If the pioneer days have a certain charm for us, so also do the pioneer friends have a certain distinct claim upon us. Our tribute to Sister St. Luke can best be expressed, perhaps, in a letter written to Mother Dengel by one of Sister's former pupils:

I regret that this letter must bear some sad news. I visited Sister St. Luke this past week-end and found her very ill. She has been in the hospital as a patient for the last three weeks—it may be a matter of days, or perhaps of months, but the doctors do not seem to think she will ever be up and around again.

Sister was anointed last Saturday at her own request; she realizes that it is the beginning of the end.

I am a pupil of Sister St. Luke's. To me she was so real, so kind, so good—a great teacher, a gracious Sister, and a dear friend. To have met her, to have been taught by her when I was just eighteen years of age, and to have had her for a friend from that year on, was my good fortune.

I speak, I am sure, for all her pupils when I say—we all love her. Her courage, her strength of character, will always remain as an ideal to us. Although we are unprepared to think of her death, we know also that she has been a great Sister, a willing and faithful servant to the Master, to Whom she showed her love by deed and word.

May God give us courage to be worthy of being her pupils.

Sincerely,

G. D.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, P. F.M., Pondicherry, India.

Sister M. St. Luke, Lackawanna, N. Y.

Sister M. Alexis, Baden, Pa.

Miss Margaret Heenan, Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Howard Tracy, Minneapolis, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Statue of the Sacred Heart at the Motherhouse, dedicated on the day of our first public vows, August 15, 1941.

News . . .

Last month His Excellency, Bishop Vesters, of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart from Tilburg, Holland, was a guest at the Motherhouse. The diocese of His Excellency lies in New Guinea, and he was able to give us a real, mission talk. At the conclusion, someone asked for a good motto for a missionary. The Bishop paused for a moment, and then said: "Keep Smiling!" (Editor's note: And Tic has been practically unmanageable ever since!)

* * *

By November 1 our Mission Band hopes to be on Indian soil, but the last letter we have had from them was mailed from Manila. Sister Damian gives an account of the ocean journey to date:

You know that we left the fourth of September, and on the eleventh we entered the famous pearl dock of Honolulu. Here we remained for two-and-a-half days. It was wonderful to have the opportunity at last to go to Holy Mass once more (there is still no priest on board). It was almost ten o'clock before we could get to the Church the first morning, but we received Holy Communion, and afterwards an old lady insisted on providing our breakfast. Everywhere we go, we meet with kindness!

The Church was the Cathedral —the one where Father Damian offered his first Holy Mass. Since his time, the church has been entirely rebuilt, but the original pictures of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and the scene of Calvary are still preserved in the sanctuary above the altar. We hoped that we might get to Molokai (Ed. note: We remind you that it is **Sister Damian** who is writing the letter!) but it was too far!

We were able to visit Foster Garden, though, where there are all different kinds of trees—cocoanut palms, date palms, and so on, and from there we went to the pineapple canneries. The area of the cannery is forty-two acres; the land farmed, twenty-five thousand acres. In season as high as fourteen thousand persons are employed!

The next day we paid a visit to the aquarium, and that was fascinating. On our homeward journey we stopped to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in a little mission church. As we were leaving,

...from Home and Abroad

two Maryknoll Sisters met us and insisted that we have dinner with them—they were stationed at this mission, where they have had a school for the last eleven years. It seems they have their troubles teaching English, too. The children speak pigeon-English for the most part, and there are some things which they just cannot grasp. For instance, Sister told us that when they say "Hail Mary," they insist on asking Our Lady to "pray for us swimmers"—a very logical petition to them, as all of them are regular fish!

The trip from Honolulu took two weeks and a day, and en route we were treated to a partial eclipse of the sun. We all had bits of smoked glass, and were able to see it very clearly.

In Manila it took us three hours to get Sister Theophila's baggage through—she is leaving us here. We had some boxes for the Maryknoll Sisters, too, and they met us on the pier and took two of us home with them. They have a very nice hospital—about 125 beds. There are about fifty student nurses in their training school, besides some graduates.

When Sister Superior discovered that I was Dutch, she called the Convent of the Dutch Sisters and we were at once invited to visit them. We accepted the invitation, and were their guests for two nights.

The Sisters are Sisters of St. Francis and of the Holy Mother of God, from Vechel, which is very near our house in Holland. Most of their work is teaching, though sometimes the sisters visit the sick poor. I think here it is very much as it is in India: the poor are very poor indeed. They have one room, and do everything in it —sleeping, eating, working. Their bed is cocoamat, spread on the floor. Occupation: working in the rice fields—or doing nothing!

Now we are back on board. We are not certain just when the boat will leave, but we are going to post our letters at once and take no chances.

* * *

Sister Alma Julia Adds A Note From Pindi

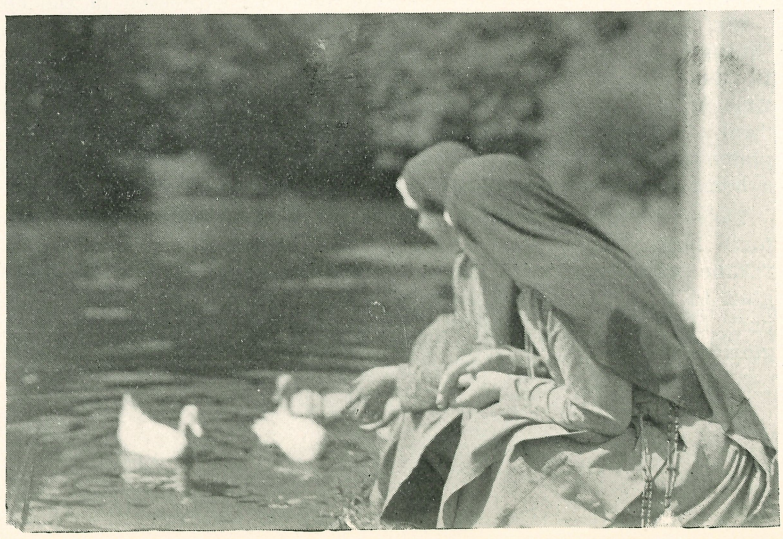
Now I am back at work after a lovely, long vacation in the hills—and it has been hot! But the rains are coming, and it is a little cooler today. As for the vacation, I think the most exciting thing of our whole stay was the hailstorm!

Some of the native nurses from South India were having their holiday at the same time—their homes are so far away that they do not attempt to go to them during their free days, but go up to the hills of Murree with us. And coming from so far south, they had never seen snow or hail—except to see the snow-capped peaks of mountains in a distance, which of course, is a far call from a good brisk walk in a snowstorm!

Well, one day a storm came up for a few minutes, and it actually hailed! The stones were almost as large as marbles, and the ground was covered with them! Without more ado, the nurses were out in the midst of them, heedless of the peiting they got, gathering up the stones by the handful! They were so excited. I had a rather difficult time trying to explain to them that this was not snow—that snow came down softly, in fluffly wisps, like cotton, and could pile up into drifts several feet high.

Incidently, it did snow one day while another group was there, and one of the nurses cannily packed a thermos with the flakes —but when she returned to the hospital, ready to produce the evidence before all doubting Thomasaes, alas! all she could show was a lump of ice!

It will probably be fall before this letter reaches you, and you will be having an abundance of beautiful leaves and fall flowers for the altar. Do you know what we are using these days? Sunflowers—that is the choice of the catechists who are decorating the parish church altar just now. I must admit that they look cheerful, but I would never have thought of using them, especially in "bouquet arrangements"! Even when the garden is full of roses (for which the decorators seem to have scant esteem), sunflowers are always preferred when in bloom!



Dinnertime at the duck pond!

In Our Library

COME WHAT MAY—an autobiography, by Arnold Lunn. Little, Brown & Co., 1941. Cloth bound. 348 pp.—$3.00

The Greeks had a word for it—"zetesis," says Mr. Lunn. The nearest English equivalent is "curiosity." But "zetesis" means more than that. It was applied to "an attitude of life, an eager spirit of inquiry, concerned not only with the 'how' but with 'why' of phenomena."

In this paragraph Mr. Lunn gives us the key to his autobiography: **Come What May**—or one might call it, "Adventures in 'zetesis' or living." Whatever the author plunges into, be it Alpine-skiing, of which he is considered one of the founders, journalism, timely politics in Poland, Spain, Italy or Austria, teaching at Notre Dame University, or challenging communists in Pittsburgh—whatever it be, the reader is lured on by the author's zestful and enthusiastic interest in the fundamental problems of living.

The book is an inspiring one just now, coming from an English Catholic. (Mr. Lunn is a convert. "Zetesis" led him into the Catholic Church!) There is an echo of "God wills it" in his last chapter on England and the present war. Mr. Lunn believes with Spengler: "Life if it would be great is hard; it lets us choose only between victory and ruin—not between war and peace, and to the victory belong the sacrifices of victory."

Mr. Lunn has lived a full life through pre-and post-war days to this present conflict. Such a time as this, he hints, makes one "wake up and live." "Even the philosopher must bestir himself if a bomb falls near his study."

These are the days that bring forth hidden reserves of courage. "Come what may," Mr. Lunn is glad to have acted even a small part in these days "difficult but glorious."

CHRIST: TEACHER AND HEALER, by Rev. Kilian J. Hennrich, O.F.M.Cap. St. Anthony Guild Press, Patterson, N.J. $1.00 plus postage. 235 pp. (cloth bound)

"Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you." (Matthew 11:28)

This text on the fly leaf of the fourth little volume in the "With God" series summarizes the aspect of Our Lord's life—"Christ: Teacher and Healer"—which the book endeavors to present to us.

"There is far more danger in contact with thoughty books than in contact with the thoughtless world."—T. Gavin Duffy in "Fantastic Uncle."

How Christ taught and how He healed, how He refreshed body and soul, is made evident through a series of outline meditations on the Gospel texts which relate these incidents in Our Lord's life.

The explanations of the texts and the proposed points for meditation are very clear and practical. The suggested resolutions at the end of each meditation should serve to make our Catholic lay people think seriously about the vital issues of the present day in their relation to Christian life and teaching.

The style and content of the book are such that its use will undoubtedly fulfill the author's purpose, as expressed in the epilogue—to arouse "Catholic Action."

THE LONG ROAD TO LO-TING, by Julie Bedier. Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. 1941. 32 pp. $1.00.

"It works both ways," wrote Julie Bedier recently in MARYKNOLL, The Field Afar. The people of the Orient have much to learn from their brothers across the ocean and beyond the frontiers—but these same brothers of the Occident might likewise profit—and profit immensely—if they would humble themselves and become pupils of the Orientals.

It is with the idea of teaching "our Catholic young people the truth about the missions and about the people of the Orient" that the author has begun her "Lo-Ting" series. This is a book for children: the language is simple, the drawings (by Louise Trevisan) are gay. And Julie Bedier (a Maryknoll Sister and a veteran of some sixteen years in the mission field) is deft in tucking in her solid information. a Chinese proverb here (in Chinese characters and translated in the index), a casual reference to custom—and our American youngsters learn how real and living are these children of another land!

MY DAILY READING FROM THE FOUR GOSPELS, and MY DAILY READING FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT, arranged by Father Stedman, are available in small, handy editions, the former at 25c (art board binding) or 35c (duroleather binding), the latter for 35c (art board binding) or 50c (duroleather).

It is not too early to begin thinking of Christmas.

Why not one of these for a Christmas gift?

"CHEER UP!"
"BE OF GOOD HEART!"
"TAKE COURAGE!"

These three pamphlets, edited by the Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D., are published by THE MISSION PRESS, Techny, Ill. Terse excerpts from here and there, bits of homely philosophy, threads of optimism (solid optimism, not sentimentality!) that can be picked up at random, such are the contents of these booklets. They sell for 10 cents, and the proceeds are used for the missions.

CHIVALRY --- 1941

Oh, I heard a mighty tramping like an army on the move,
And the swinging, rhythmic thump of marching feet;
And I felt a mighty tingling of a spirit in the air—
'Twas a spirit that would never know defeat!
And I heard a mighty song that echoed half across the world—
Through the highways and the low ways, how it rang!
And the mighty swell of voices, like the beating of the waves,
And I listened to the "battle cry" they sang:

"In the days of old when knights were bold . . ."
You've heard that one before?
And you beg to state that they're out of date,
That they don't exist any more?
Well, it may be true that the knights are through,
But the CHALLENGE goes on for aye—
And since woman can be as free as man,
She's taking her place in the fray!

It calls for the grit, and it calls for the grin,
And the will and the strength for an "all-out pitch-in"—
For there's pain we can ease and souls we can win
To the Kingdom of Christ—with our grit and our grin!

Oh times may change, and the ways seem strange,
But the CHALLENGE remains the same:
It's the Mission Call to abandon all,
And to work in the Christ-King's Name!
The "have-nots" are asking of those that have
For freedom and succour and Light:
Sure, in times gone by maidens **had** to be shy,
But today they can join the fight!

If they have the grit and they have the grin,
And the will and the strength—so let's begin!
For there's pain to ease, and souls to win
To the Kingdom of Christ—by grit and grin!

Sure, I thrilled to hear the tramping of this Army on the move,
And the swinging, rhythmic thumping of their feet;
And I tingled to the feeling of the spirit in the air—
To the Spirit that refused to know defeat!
I was caught up in the swelling waves of living, pulsing song
That bore the truth: One thing alone sufficed.
'Tis complete capitulation—I've enlisted in the ranks
Of the Missionary Soldiery of Christ!

L'ENVOI

Sure, now, do I hear a snickerin'? Did someone say that Tic
Would make a rather sorry looking knight?
That all things due considered, they'd vouchsafe to say his chance
For action at "The Front" seems very slight?
Well, I mayn't be booked for sailing—and dressed up like Lancelot
Perhaps it's true—I'd be a perfect sight!
But as a certain Mike O'Flynn (aged ninety-two) once said:
"Faith, lad, and it's me **heart** that's in the fight!"

—TIC

P. S. Don't forget your Till boxes. "Get a Till box now for advent, 'cause—well—do you catch the drift? A blacked-in brick (of sacrifice) will make a lovely gift—for Christ! He had compassion on the lame, the halt, the sick: He'd understand your present if you brought a blacked-in brick!"—Yours, Tic.

"Let Us Cooperate - - - - - - In Doing Good"

"Cooperation in anything achieves great results—in the arts and sciences, in industry, Cooperation in evil has produced disastrous results. LET US COOPERATE IN DOING GOOD. Let us cooperate in faith, hope and charity for the welfare of humanity, for the welfare of our own immortal souls and for the welfare of the souls of our brethren . . . The only business of life that really matters is the business of the soul, my soul, the souls of all, for Christ died to save all. It is our business, therefore, to aid the needy and to spread the Gospel, for we are 'members of one another.' "—Cardinal Dougherty.

We have set out to build a mission hospital.

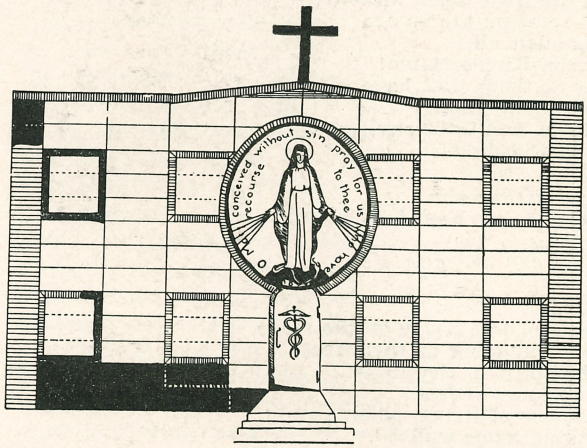
It is a good work.

It will serve the needy and the poor, and those who have no other place to turn.

But—we cannot do it alone.

Achievement requires cooperation:

HELP THE SICK—BLACK A BRICK!



Once there was a dollar, and another dollar, too,
They gathered all their relatives—they gathered quite a few—
They were volunteers for service, smartened up, all span and spick,
And their Battle Cry rant far and wide: "WE'RE OFF TO BLACK A BRICK!"

Sure, you may not feel belligerent, but still you understand
It doesn't mean youre bellicose to lend a helping hand.
The army that we're marshalling is meant to help the sick—
Won't you join us in the Battle of the Blacking of the Brick?

The large bricks represent $1,000 each; the "'half" bricks around the door, $500; the subdivisions of the "half" bricks along the sides, $100, and the "bricklets" around the windows and edging the roof, $1. The dotted lines show last month's boundaries; that means that $1,988.00 has been added!

Send your "brick-blacking" donation to:
MOTHER ANNA DENGEL
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

I am delighted to join in your "black-in bricks" campaign. Enclosed please find $..... to cover .....bricks

Very sincerely,

.....

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."